

RESTORATION



Vol. II.

COMBERMERE, ONTARIO—JUNE, 1949

No. 7.

A Visitor From Europe Looks At Madonna House

By Edmund Count Czernin

Rome I had seen the last time eight years ago. Madonna House was entirely new to me. About four thousand miles lie between the two places. One is the Center of Christendom and the other is one of its outposts. The truth is, however, known here at Madonna House as it is in the Vatican, where I was received in audience by the Holy Father, Pope Pius XII.

The Almighty Lord of Heaven and Earth is worshiped essentially in the same way here as there.

I feel equally at home with the Dohertys as with one of the old Catholic families of Rome. We do not doubt, we do not think we are more learned than Saint Thomas, or more saintly than Saint Francis or the Little Flower. We do not think that any time can be progress in comparison with the fullness of time of Our Lord's days.

We however, suspect that the world has slipped back somewhat towards the hardness and lawlessness of Pagan ages.

Rome and Paris, thank God, have been spared destruction. Le Havre was the first European city I saw after eight years. The people are the same, the soul of the city is alive, but the face of the beautiful old French seaside town has been disfigured by horrible scars. Oh, the sight of London! Poor old Vienna, its Opera, its great and ancient St. Stephen's Cathedral, and many an old street torn down by the "progress" of our better and faster means of destruction.

Persecution Cures The Lax

Yet in spite of the large number of new pagans, there are many good Catholics left in Europe. Everyone knows of outstanding examples as those of Theresa Neumann, Padre Pio, and the great Cardinal of Hungary—Joseph Mindszenty. But you can meet in every European country admirable Catholic families. Persecution has turned many a lax Catholic into one who can be seen kneeling at the altar rail outside of Easter time.

No doubt there is a Christian revival in Europe. But these developments seem to go slowly. In spite of all the destruction, Europe is the same. One is surprised to find people so very little older looking than ten years ago. In 1939 I was received by Pope Pius XII in special audience, I kissed his ring and received the Holy Father's blessing. The same joy and blessing was my happy lot in 1948. As I gazed into the face of the Vicar of Christ, did I think he was

older looking, approaching his end, less powerful and less agile than in 1939? Not at all, thank God. He was very little changed. On the contrary I felt that this man who did not grow older looking in these nine years, could live for ever—unless he were murdered by the enemies of God. Yet this expression was that of a Father who had even greater sorrows and worries than he had in 1939.

"We are standing at the border of an abyss..." — I keep remembering the sorrow in those words of his.

Lax Grieve The Pope

It seems that Our Holy Father was able to save Rome, the eternal city, from imminent destruction in the late war. His concern is now to save the world from being ravaged. By atomic bombs? No — something worse than that is threatening us; and it is that which grieves the Holy Father. Fallen away Catholics, men who have been lax and have lost their faith, have become, so many traitorous apostles, so many Judas Iscariots. All those people who have turned against God, and who must expect eternal damnation in Hell, if they do not repent in time.

Rome is still the great center of Christianity. There are good and bad people there, but they at least know when they have sinned. They know the truth and the air is not tainted by those hundreds of differing opinions familiar to us over here, contradicting each other, and misleading even those who want to know the Eternal Word made flesh!

There is no question that St. Peter's Basilica ranks first in Rome, as the cathedral of every other Catholic city in Europe is its pride and glory.

The treasures of art produced by Centuries of Catholic life are almost too much to grasp in a lifetime. There is dignity, there is joy and peace in them. Essentially we find the same in the beginnings of Madonna House, Combermere, Ontario. So if you cannot live in Rome, live at Madonna House!

Meets His Brother

Rome, it seems, is not only the spiritual center of Christianity, but actually all roads seem to lead to it, as the saying goes. I met there many old friends from different parts of Europe. But the most extraordinary meeting I had was that with my younger brother.

I had not seen him since 1937, as he was living in England and had fought the

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On The Credit Side

(By W. C. Dwyer)

"A child should never be frustrated... should always do those things he likes to do." So says Progressive Education!!! Experimenters with the lives and characters of children propound such ideas.

The result of similar methods, in bringing up children, may be found in the conduct of the 'teen-agers of our day.

Rudeness, to the point of violence in schools, theatres, the street, the cross-roads,



the highway, the city and country dance halls... There is no ballast... Not the slightest trace of citizenship... They cannot recognize a problem when they see it face to face... There is almost a complete lack of the sense or understanding of one's responsibility to society.

Good Hard Labor

Too much is being done for children and youths, in the way of recreational facilities in leisure time. More personal work and responsibility should be afforded, at home, at school and elsewhere, outside of school hours, so that the youth might learn that nothing worth while is accomplished in this life, without good hard labor.

Children when occupied by work soon learn the value of money. Not for the sake of, or love for money, but that a spirit of balance and responsibility might be injected into their lives. They learn the management of their own affairs, quickly feeling their obligation towards their associates in life, because their own liberties must be cut and trimmed so as to dovetail with those of

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Dear Seminarian Gets Data On Apostolates

By Catherine De Hueck

Dear Friend. We have discussed, you and I, in my last letter, some of the techniques of helping YOU, our future priest, to bring US—your spiritual children and flock to be—closer to Christ. First amongst these were the Study Clubs.

Why? Because they bring out the most important weapon that you will have at your command—LAY LEADERSHIP. For by their very nature they call for it, and thus present you with the leaven you so desperately need in your tremendous task of restoring the world to Christ.

They also have the advantage of being springboards to the hearts, souls, and minds of those whom God has put into your keeping, and a ready-made channel for the flowing of both the teachings and graces of God into the market place of the world, which is so hard for you to reach directly, and which yet forms part of your "parish."

The Hills of Sanctity

The Study Clubs open to you many doors, each leading into a different direction or road, but all coming together again on the high hills of the Lord, to which you ultimately do want to lead your people — the hills of sanctity.

The first door is that of the CELL TECHNIQUE, or JOC. By observing the people in your study clubs, you will soon find souls on fire with the love of God, greatly desiring to dedicate their lives to His service without leaving their lay state. These are your selected ones. For them the Cell Technique is a must; for it offers both training, exceptional leadership opportunities, deeper knowledge of the Faith they love so much, and a broader field of action which MUST follow if your Study Club work is to bring good fruits.

If You Need Help

There is no need for me to explain to you the workings of Cells of Catholic Action. There are umpteen books written by specialists, which will give you a blue print.

And should you be stuck along the road, write to Rev. Father Daniel Cantwell, at 3 East Chicago Avenue, Chicago 11, Ill. He will gladly assist you.

Be sure only of the following points. Have a "cell" for married couples, and another for single people. Select your cell groups carefully as to similar social and educational backgrounds. You can have several, that cover all parts of your parish. Give them DEFINITE programs

to achieve. Set them definite goals to reach. Keep in mind that they are PAROCHIAL cell groups, and direct them to such tasks as help the parish.

Several cells can, if properly instructed and directed, be your "intelligence service." This will enable you to reach literally your WHOLE PARISH. You know what I mean by that — I mean the ninety-nine lost sheep that are seldom reached by most parishes. They can also give you a picture of the tempo of the whole city, of the problems confronting men and women in them. They can show you the state of their collective minds. They can place you in a strategic position that will enable you really to "attack the very heart of the matter" and go about restoring the world to Christ intelligently, efficiently, and most successfully.

And The Cana Movement

Hand in hand with Cell Techniques, goes the introduction into parochial life of the Cana Movement. Both the Pre-Cana Conferences, for unmarried people, and the Cana lessons for married folks, will straighten out for you one of the most vital problems of our days — MARRIAGE.

With a threefold source of leadership at your finger tips (Study Club Leaders, Cell Leaders, and Cana Leaders) you now can offer the body of your parish a program for deepening the knowledge of their Faith... via OPEN FORUMS... SEMINARS... AND LECTURES.

Lectures, should be given serially. So many in a given space of time. Lent is a good season for them. Say four or five during each Lent. Such a set-up will enable you to plan the contents of these lectures well. Get the best speakers, well ahead of time. It is good to have a definite subject each year, that weaves in all your other yearly programs. Thus if you have emphasized the Mass this year—your lecture series will carry the idea out further, deepening it, showing the place of the Mass in marriage, in work, in politics, etc.

Call For Mr. Karl

The financial aspect of lectures should be your last worry. All over the U.S.A. and Canada, such series have been run most successfully by laymen and women with a neat profit for parish or diocese. If you are interested in the KNOW-HOW, write to Mr. Peter Karl, sr., Union Station Building, Utica, N.Y., and he will, I know, gladly

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MADONNA HOUSE
Combermere, Ontario
Canada

VOL. II.

No. 7.

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Subscription price \$1.00; Single copies 10c.

RESTORATION is published monthly for clarification of Catholic social thought with the approbation of the Most Reverend Bishop W. J. Smit of Pembroke, Ontario, and is owned by Friendship House, Canadian Province, Authorized as Second Class Mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa.

WHERE LOVE IS—GOD IS

Love is the most misunderstood word of our loveless age. Perhaps it has never before been used so much, nor meant so little.

Modern man and woman are confronted with it from morning till night. The street cars they ride to work in are filled with ads that suggest a thousand ways of arousing "love" . . . of enticing love into one's life. Radios sing about love ceaselessly. Television cloaks it into millions of guises. The movies present its synthetic counterpart all over the land from morning unto morning. Newspapers and magazines report its beginnings, failures and tragedies, in the reality of daily living, or in imaginary forms. Shops are created specially to cater to its allure and calls. Yet in none of these can love be found.

LOVE was born in a manger and died, to come to life eternally, on a Cross. Love is synonymous with sacrifice and service. It knows not the pronoun "I." Marital love, one of the reflections of the LOVE THAT IS GOD . . . was begotten by Him, and raised to the tremendous stature of a SACRAMENT by His Son, the Second Person of the Most Holy Trinity. A man . . . a woman . . . united in holy wedlock, are a miracle of love . . . two distinct persons, yet one in a fusing creative beauty. Raised by God to the pinnacles of CO-CREATORS WITH HIM OF ANOTHER HUMAN BEING . . . ANOTHER IMMORTAL SOUL . . . A CHILD.

No wonder the Sixth Commandment sounds thunderous and formidable to our human ears . . . THOU SHALT NOT COMMIT ADULTERY . . .

And well it should. It is a sin that wounds love . . . but it is more . . . it is a sin of sacrilege against an exalted Sacrament. It is also a sin of injustice against the innocent party or parties. For adultery is the sin of marriage. Single people cannot be guilty of it, nor can invalidly married people. Theirs would be the sin of fornication. Black enough indeed . . . but at least not a sacrilege against a Sacrament.

Adultery, too, is not only a private sin . . . but a tragic social one . . . undermining the very fabrics of society.

To those who labor for the Restoration of the World to Christ, the first step should be the clarification of what marriage is, to a world that has forgotten, seemingly, the very meaning of the word love, let alone the sanctity of marital love. The next step should be the restoration of the home. For history points with calm objectivity, to the primary reason for the fall of nations and empires in the past. Adultery . . . fornication . . . lust . . . the sins of the flesh . . . were the forerunners of that downfall.

When men forget they are created in the likeness and image of God . . . when they revert to the likeness and image of a beast . . . when love has forgotten its birthplace, and has come to live in the mire, then the beginning of the end is at hand . . . and the Mystery of Iniquity wins . . . once again.

We are at this stage . . . Lord have mercy on us. Open our eyes. Give us the grace to understand the virtue of Purity. Restore marital love to the heights it used to occupy . . . the heights of your Cross . . . which is the key to joy, happiness, and life eternal.

FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

by Eddie Doherty

Some years ago, in a book called *Splendor of Sorrows*, I wrote of Our Lady's first great anguish, which came to her during the "Presentation in the Temple," which we celebrate in the Fourth Decade of the Joyful Mysteries, in the Rosary.

I wish I had meditated on that particular mystery longer than I did before I wrote it. I might have treated it more fully. I might have added the thoughts that have come to me with further meditations.

I wrote: "Like any mother taking her first-born home, she comes . . . To show Him off with pride, in her old home. This was her home, this Temple. Here her mother and her father gave her up to God. Here she learned of God, and of the Scriptures. Here bright angels came to gossip with her of the Lord. Here she met and married Joseph."

A Family Gathering

"This is the house of her Father, the great Lord God Almighty. This is the home of her Spouse, the Holy Ghost. In a moment her Father and her Spouse will look upon her Son. And He on them! A family gathering unparalleled in heaven or on earth; a situation created by divine omnipotence before the morning star; a moment scarce bearable even to the Dominations and the Thrones. They are holding their breaths in fear and awe."

I pictured the coming of Simeon, "little gold bells tinkling on the hem of his robe," and the reaction of Mary and Joseph to his prophecies.

"On this spot," I wrote, "on this Mount Moriah where the Temple now stands, Abraham built an altar, and bound his son, and took the sword to sacrifice him to the Lord. Here, perhaps on the very spot where the altar stood, stands our holy Mother, offering the same sacrifice to God. An angel stayed the sword of Abraham, and God provided a ram to be slain and burnt in place of Isaac. But no angel shall stay the destiny of Jesus, nor God provide a substitute of any kind for Him."

She Offers Her Son

Our Lady offers her son for sacrifice, willing it with all her heart, because it is the will of God.

That is about the gist of the thought I gave my readers in this chapter of the book.

But now suppose we, each of us, substitute ourselves for the divine Infant. Inasmuch as Mary is also our mother, we have the privilege—and even the duty—of making this substitution.

Let us think that Mary is presenting us, you and me, to her Father, to her Spouse, and to her Son, our Brother.

What will she say of us on this occasion?

Personally, I hate to think what she could say about me, talking to the Trinity as my mother. Will she mention my sins? Why should she? She knows that the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, know all I have done, and all I have left undone. But she might. And that bothers me.

Suppose she says, "this is a very wicked child; I have been able to do very little with him; I think he should

be punished." What then? Suppose she adds, "but he could be worse, and it might be well to give him another chance." Would I take advantage of that motherly pleading?

But After This Life?

But this is after death, when she will make her presentation—as I see it in my own peculiar way. You notice I give myself the benefit of the doubt. Or maybe I just hope she will be there to present me to my Creator, my Redeemer, and to the Holy Spirit. It would be too awful to think of facing God alone, without her near me.

Let us think of such a presentation during our lives.

She and Joseph bring us into the Temple, the Church, up to the Altar of Sacrifice. And there Simeon, or maybe one of our patron saints, or it may even be a guardian angel, makes some dour prophecy about us.



Suppose this heavenly messenger tells her this child, you or I, is also to be sacrificed—to be blinded, let us say, to be stricken with a long illness, or to be put to death unjustly, or anything we can think of for ourselves. What about that?

Can We Offer Ourselves?

We do not hear what the messenger tells Our Mother. We do not know the fate that awaits us. We do know that Mary will accept it for us. We know she will accept it because it is the will of God, and because if we accept any tragedy, any suffering, it will enrich us beyond all measure.

But will you or I accept it?

That's what matters. It matters to us, and it matters to her.

Will we take it, and how will we take it? Will we cry out that God is unmerciful? Will we even go so far as to say there is no God or He would not, could not, do this to us? Will we whine, asking, "Why should God do this to me?"

Or will we turn to Mary, when the tragedy comes, and say, "It's all right, Mother; God's will be done; but help me to stand the pain."

I have seen people yawning as they said the Fourth Decade of the Joyful Mysteries of Our Lady's rosary—and no doubt I have yawned a lot over the beads myself. But there is a profound meditation in that decade that should keep us wide awake—and not too comfortable in our consciences.

The B's Corner

I had an interesting letter the other day from a friend who writes for Catholic Magazines. She was telling me of an article she had submitted to one of them, that sounded real good to me.

It was about the big question of the Lay Apostolate, that is so prominent these days in the Catholic Press. It dealt with the fact that there are many single women, of various age groups who are greatly desirous of giving their lives to the service of God; but either they do not have a definite religious vocation, or, by the rules of canon-law, are kept from entering religious orders. So they are looking for guidance, and opportunities of serving God in the Lay Apostolate. But they do not know how to go about it.

It occurred to me that the article was very timely. For we are living in a sort of in-between era. The Lay Apostolate is here. But as yet, it is neither well known, enough, nor understood enough. In another twenty-five years or so, it will, I feel sure, be part and parcel of the North American Catholic way of life. It will be widely mentioned as another "vocation" in schools, colleges, retreats, and missions. But today it still takes time and effort to find out about it.

The Lay Apostolate

There are of course certain organizations, such as The Catholic Worker, The Ladies of the Grail, and our own Friendship House, which have received recognition, and to which many souls are directed through the confessional, or through lectures, or through literature. If anyone is interested in any of these, a letter to Miss Dorothy Day, c/o the Catholic Worker, 115 Mott Str., New York City, N.Y., U.S.A., or Grailville, Loveland, Ohio, U.S.A., or Madonna House, Combermere, Ont., Canada, will bring immediate response, and information.

But I am thinking of the many ways women can make themselves useful in the vineyards of the Lord, without joining the above mentioned groups, which requires a rather drastic change in one's life.

Among these are the Cell or JOC works, which can be organized and started right where one lives and works, and do not necessitate a radical departure from one's normal way of life. Ottawa, Montreal, and Chicago, are the Centers of Information for all those interested in this highly approved official Catholic Action and Lay Apostolate.

Write to the University of Ottawa, for information in Canada, addressing it to the JOC department. In the U.S.A., write to Rev. Fr. D. Cantwell, at 3 East Chicago Av., Chicago 11, Ill., or to Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Crowley, 2304 Elmwood Ave., Wilmette, Ill.

Library work in parishes, visiting of hospitals, volunteering one's services in social agencies, or parish societies, connected with helping the poor, reading to the blind, taking care of children, or baby sitting for young and harassed couples—oh how infinite is the variety of little apostolates open to people of good will.

Yes, my friend's article indeed is timely.

COMBERMERE

By Catherine Doherty

So many folks have written to ask us where is Madonna House, what is it like, and how to get to it! Well, it goes like this. Madonna House is located at the edge of Ontario's Northland. One hundred and twenty miles west of the capital of the land, Ottawa, Ont., near one of the most beautiful Government reserves, Algonquin Park, where deer eat out of your hands, and all game finds sanctuary.

It is half a mile or so away from the friendly little village of Combermere, which gets its name, so I am told by one who prides himself on his knowledge of Canada's village and towns names, from the family of Lord Combermere in England. The population of our village proper must be about 100 to 125. The village straddles one of the loveliest rivers I know of, the Madawaska, which, incidentally, flows right past our doorstep.

Our nearest railway station is Barry's Bay, on the Canadian National Railway network. There are buses also, connecting us with the outside world.

More Wood, Boy

Madonna House stands on five acres of ground. It is a six-room house, painted white with blue trim in honor of our Lady. There are on the grounds, a garage with a room attached—Eddie's Den—a woodshed and an ice house, which form an L with the house, and a cozy little cottage awaiting visitors.

There are thirty apple trees, as yet quite small, four bee-hives, two vegetable gardens, and quite a few flower beds. Eddie and I have been transplanting various trees from the "bush." We have an asparagus bed and a strawberry patch. The house is heated with wood, via a large basement furnace, and a fireplace. The kitchen range is for wood too, and it sure cooks and bakes well. WOOD is, of course, one of the main chores the year round hereabouts.

The water system is one of pressure. Since there is no electrical power, the pump is run by a gasoline motor, which often demands much

faith and patience . . . but affords us a bathtub and indoor bathroom facilities, which are wonderful in the country.

Come In And Browse

The main room contains our lending library. The adjacent "office" room, where Flewy reigns supreme over many files, has the children's lending library. The roomy basement serves many purposes, among them the clothing center, from which we distribute clothing to all who come for it. During the winter months, when life in the country becomes a wee bit easier and quieter, Madonna House serves the Community in many ways. Dances take place here, clubs meet, and card parties are held. It can and did also become a class room for the Home Nursing courses of twelve weeks.

As to "how to get here"—well that would depend on where you are coming from and what mode of travelling is yours. If by train, then Ottawa is the first point of your destination. Daily, except Sunday, and twice a day on Saturday, you can catch a train from the capital to Barry's Bay. A telegram will bring us to meet you. Or a taxi will bring you in twenty minutes to Madonna House, a ride of 12 miles.

Coming by Bus?

Buses from Pembroke, Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston, Toronto, in fact from any point South, North, West, or East, and in between, will bring you eventually to Barry's Bay too.

If you come in an automobile, the King's Highway is yours. Number 62 passes right through Combermere, and directions as how to reach it, are easily gotten from any gas station in the U.S.A. or Canada. Ask for the map of Ontario.

Interested? Good! Drop in and see us sometime. But, please be sure to let us know well in advance, for our list of "reservations" is long. However we have a nice hotel—The Hudson House—in the village and many lodges ready to accommodate you if we are "filled up" . . . even then, a little advance notice is a must.

DEAR SEMINARIAN GETS

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supply you with all needed details.

Whereas lectures are planned for the parishioners proper and their Catholic friends, the Open Forums are just as definitely planned for both Catholics and non-Catholics, especially the latter, and if possible the leftists within the boundaries of your Parish. (You are their "pastor" too—remember?)

Lectures can and should be held in parish halls, or halls belonging to parishes, or to the Church. Open Forums should preferably be held away from Church property. Their subject matter should be "controversial, modern, appealing." They must be self-containing.

The question and answer periods must form the bulk of the event, and be scrupulously observed. So many minutes for the questions. So many for the answers. A good chairman is of vital importance, a lay person preferably, with the priest seated on the platform through-

out. The titles must be catchy. Such as for instance—THE CHURCH AND THE WORKING MAN—THE CHURCH AND SEX—THE CHURCH AND STALIN.

And Then Discussions

Out of the straight lecture program and the Open Forum, come the Seminars or Round Table discussions. There will be people attracted by both, who will want to go a step further. Therefore the Seminars should be held about four times a year. A whole afternoon or evening is given over to them. A group of well qualified priests and laymen are selected as leaders or chairmen. If the crowd is large, it is divided into groups of no more than 10 or 15 each. The agenda is worked out beforehand, thoroughly, and deals with such topics as have proven through the year to be of greatest interest to those attending.

Labor Schools, Credit Unions, the establishment of Consumers' or Producers' co-ops, depending on the urban or rural areas of parish locations, are the other doors

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Peter of Mott Street

By Catherine Doherty

A small man with a noble head and gnarled hands died recently, and was waked in Mott street, which belongs to the Bowery family, in a shabby house from which great light has shone for almost a decade on the world.



To his wake hundreds came. Prelates, and bums, nuns and sinners, ordinary folks, and exalted ones, learned and unlearned, rich and poor. I was not there. For there wasn't enough money in our small exchequer to pay for the trip. Yet I was there in spirit all day and most of the night, because Peter was an old friend, because Peter was a beloved teacher. He taught me the love of God and my brethren as few have ever done since.

I met him first in Mott street. In the same house from which he was carried to his grave. My first impression of him was that here was St. Peter, the fisherman of fish and men, come to life again. There was the same impetuosity, the same recklessness, the same insight, and the same tremendous love of the Lord Christ.

Peter And Also Francis

I looked closer, and perhaps because of an unruly imagination, Mott street with its squalor and noise disappeared completely, and the soft pastel colored landscapes of Umbria took its place. And Peter Maurin suddenly merged into another man of small stature, clad in the brown rags of a peasant. He and St. Francis became one. For who else than the Poverello could speak so vitally, so eloquently, of the beauty of Lady Poverty?

I had come to seek strength to embark on the foundation of Friendship House in Canada. Which meant "selling all I possessed, taking up my cross and following Christ," but not as a nun, no, as a lay Apostle. In those days such things were almost unheard of. And all but a few were dead set against my embracing this strange vocation.

Peter spoke to me. And my paths were made smooth. Courage flowed into my heart. Peter made Christ and His teachings live and glow for me. His hymn to Lady Poverty is still singing in my heart and soul after all these years.

Peter of Mott street, Friendship House owes an infinite debt to you. Remember it please, now that you

behold Him whom your soul loved so well and served so perfectly on earth!

Pray For Us

How many men have you been, Peter? You were St. Peter the Apostle, you were St. Francis of Assisi. But also you were St. John the Baptist. You made straight the paths of God. And then again, you were a child. The kind that enters the Kingdom of God walking straight and clean.

You taught us the virtue of simplicity just by being yourself. You made faith and trust in God a natural part of our great heritage, to have and to hold without ever knowing a doubt. You practiced abandonment to Divine Providence so perfectly that we caught its true meaning easily.

And now you are dead. In utter poverty. Or was it richness? As you lived. But to me, you cannot die.

Peter of Mott street, pray for us.

St. Francis in Catholic Action

By A. MacKinnon

The green fields of Umbria cherish the memory of their beloved St. Francis. He was the poorest of the poor in his coarse brown habit. Humility and simplicity called him their favorite child. Of all the saints surely he was the saintliest. The little birds loved him and ate in peace out of his hand. He loved all the elements in which he saw a reflection of their almighty Creator. He composed canticles to Brother Wind and Sister Fire. Now, seven centuries after his death another note is sounded in the magnificent symphony of his praises. For in this year, 1949, we hear St. Francis called the patron of Catholic Action.

In a sense, any of the saints might have been fittingly named patron of Catholic Action. Especially the more modern saints—St. John Bosco, St. Therese of Lisieux, St. Frances Cabrini. But in this particularly difficult Catholic Action job, St. Francis of Assisi has the very special qualifications that landed him the position of C. A. Patron.

To be patron of Catholic Action it is fitting that the saint have lived in a period of history that had much in common with our own day. His mission must have been universal, and inspired with a zeal that embraced the whole world. And his spirit must be the medicine that will give strength to the workers in Catholic action, and fan into a vast flame the spark of their apostolic zeal. Such a saint was Francis of Assisi.

Kindred To His Times

Although it could not boast of super jet planes and terrifying atom bombs, the century of St. Francis was like our own in many ways. Our world is ravaged by the germs of secularism; St. Francis' century heard the cry of the death of the Catholic spirit and the urgent need for a Catholic evolution.

Like our own times, the era of St. Francis was one during which the Christ-life beat with a dangerously weak beat in the hearts of men. It was a period that was sore and bleeding from the deep wounds of heresies, particularly that of Moham-

medanism. All men had grown weak for want of the strong, rejuvenating food of the Eucharist. And out of this period rode the "knight-errant of Christ," St. Francis of Assisi.

The supreme goal of the Catholic Action apostle of today is to conquer the whole world for Christ. The ambition of C.A.'s patron was no less lofty. Nor did he accomplish the task from the solitude of monastic stalls. Rather "he dwelt among the people and grappled with the evils of the system under which they groaned. Saintlier than any of the saints, among sinners he was one of them." What more could the Catholic Actionist ask for in his patron?

The scope of Catholic Action is world-wide; to restore all things to Christ. Catholic Actionists must go among every class of people and win them back to their lost Shepherd. A tremendous task that will not be accomplished by any idle dreamer! St. Francis was never content with dreams. Action always followed quickly.

One Against a Continent

In the year 1213 we find him setting out single-handed to bring back to Christ all the people of Africa. At the memorable meeting of the Friars at the Portiuncula in 1219, the Little Poor Man told his Larks that they must fly to every corner of the earth to spread the message of Christ. And the followers of St. Francis have done just that.

The spectacular success of St. Francis cannot fail to urge on the young C. A. Apostles. Of his wonderful apostolic labors we read in the Sequence of the Mass of St. Francis . . . "There is seen in the world a new manner of life unheard of before; apostolic virtues revive, the Gospel flourishes, right and justice are remodelled on the Law of Christ." To-day even those who do not know Christianity to be Divine find themselves instinctively looking across the ages for guidance, to the wonderful Poverello of Assisi. And thousands are invoking his name in grateful remembrance.

The Franciscan Spirit

Leo XIII said: "We are thoroughly convinced that the salvation of the world is to come through the Third Order, from the Franciscan Spirit." And Pius XI, the pope of Catholic Action, is quoted as saying: "Catholic Action must be Franciscan or not at all."

Naturally, the popes do not expect every Catholic Action worker to wear the brown habit of St. Francis. What they do ask is that the Catholic Actionists clothe themselves in the spirit of Charity, penance, and poverty that made St. Francis the most popular and most Christ-like saint the world has ever seen.

The Third Order of St. Francis furnishes an Auxiliary to Catholic Action that cannot be overlooked in the "lay-priesthood-organized." The part it plays is well expressed by a priest who said at the Third Order Congress in the United States: "Catholic Action! May it gloriously succeed. The Third Order! May it humbly serve."

Through Catholic Action under the patronage of St. Francis, many souls will be raised to Christ. And as Cardinal Newman says: "Every soul that raises itself raises the world."

DEAR SEMINARIAN GETS

(Continued from Page Three)
that will be opened to you from your study club program, if the latter is well carried out.

The Extension Department of St. Francis Xavier University, in Antigonish, Nova Scotia, Canada, will supply you with all the data needed for the establishment of the Cooperatives and Credit Unions on a parochial basis. The Fordham Labor School in 16th Str., N.Y.C., N.Y., U.S.A., will give you the same information on the establishment of Labor Schools.

Oh Say Can You See—?

I hope you are beginning to see the whole picture of your future parish. True, you are the prime mover of this program. But you only DIRECT IT. The execution belongs to the parishioners, the lay apostles of the Church. Give them your leadership, your approval, your understanding and help, and they will set the world on fire. Just try it out and see.

Yet this is only the beginning. The first step of the restoration of the world to Christ starts with KNOWLEDGE, and leads to LOVE OF HIM. I have given you, in fear and in trembling (for who am I to teach you?) the outlines of that first part, which has proven successful over and over again, both in the nineteen years of our own Friendship House Apostolate, and in the works of many parishes.

Next time we shall discuss the WORKS that must flow from this knowledge, for unless they do . . . FAITH WILL BE DEAD . . . and knowledge will turn sour, as it must when lying fallow, or when it becomes an end in itself instead of a means to greater knowledge — the knowledge that ends in the love of God.

ON THE CREDIT SIDE

their fellowmen. Good Christians, and consequently good citizens, is the sum total of this kind of upbringing.

Spare The Rod

A child who never meets with frustration and always gets what he desires, when he grows up—when he hits the stream of adult life (where there is much frustration and many denials) is sadly unprepared. Violent reaction is the answer. Society feels the impact, but the young person is usually crushed. Our prisons, asylums, and houses of correction are full of such as these.

There is no finer method of instilling into children the fundamentals of good citizenship — responsibility, self-government, team work and social justice — than through a teen-age credit union.

Fathers of families, big brothers, leaders of youth organizations who are mem-

bers of credit unions, or who have heard about them, have you not recognized the golden opportunity?

Teen Age Financing

Your financial worries, because of your teen-age children or followers, would quickly disappear, with the advent of a credit union among the young people. That athletic equipment, those facilities for recreation, even school books and collegiate or college education could be provided by a credit union owned and operated by the young folks themselves.

The financing of clubs, teams, and the like, is always a headache for the adult sponsors. Besides, the young people rarely show any appreciation for the equipment, etc., provided for them by the older people. If these had the facilities for purchasing by their own means the "fun" they seek in life, if they had to provide their own equipment for sports and recreation I guarantee a hundred per cent more interest and greater results in after life.

If you are interested write us for the story of a teacher who organized a class credit union with astounding echoes.

HOMESPUN

Restoration! How are we going to restore all things to Christ? Looking at it from Our Blessed Mother's viewpoint I think a letter I received has the answer. **Through our little ones!** And if you do not have little ones of your own? Then through other people's little ones! But read Betty's experience.

"There are times when life grows a bit dull for all of us. I was working in a wealthy home, managing the house, and I was happy in a way. Yet I longed for something just a little more. I think it was the need for a vocation I felt in my heart. I was kneeling before the May altar in my room, sweet with flowers for the Blessed Virgin. I did not put my restlessness into words, but the unspoken need was there.

"I had just gotten to my feet when Tommy, my wealthy employers' little grandson, burst into my room eagerly. 'Here I am, Betty!' he cried, his dark curls bobbing on his head from his quick movements. Then he stopped short. He had never been in my room before.

He Loves The Statue

"Gee, I wish I had a statue like that!" he said softly, admiring my May altar, his eyes caressing the pretty little statue of the Blessed Virgin. 'I never saw such a pretty statue!'

"I was taking care of eight-year-old Tommy while his parents and grandparents attended one of their frequent social affairs.

"I wish I had a statue

like that," Tommy insisted. "Well, why don't you ask your mother to buy you one?" "Oh, she wouldn't. I just know she wouldn't!"

"I looked at him, shocked. Not buy him a statue of the Blessed Virgin when there was so much money spent on lesser things? I couldn't believe it. Why, Tommy got everything his heart desired in the way of toys.

A Week Passes

"A week passed before Tommy was again left in my care. He came in and stood before the statue with great tears rolling down his chubby little cheeks. 'I told you I wouldn't get one!' he cried. 'I told you, Betty!'

"Did you ask, Tommy?" "Sure I asked, but they said the picture in my room was enough."

"I put my arms around the little boy's shoulders to comfort him. 'There, there, Tommy. Betty will buy you a Blessed Virgin statue.' Then I knelt with him and we said a Rosary together, and I am sure his was a Rosary of sweet thanksgiving.

"The very next day I bought him a statue. It was an exquisite little figure with a beautiful blue mantle lined with gold. I could hardly wait till the following Friday when Tommy would again be in my charge. I had the statue on my dresser where he would be sure to see it when he came in.

Mother And A Child

"I watched his delighted eyes when he spied it, but then they turned sad again. 'I wish I had one like that,' he said wistfully.

"But that is yours, Tommy! I bought it for you! Never will I forget the little boy's face as he knelt and prayed before his statue. Then he cradled it in his arms like a baby.

"Now I can have a May altar in my room, too, can't I, Betty?"

"Suddenly I felt my heart swell with happiness. Life had taken on new zest for me. The Holy Mother had recognized the need in my heart when I knelt before my May altar. Now I had become a co-worker with Her, guiding a little one safely to heaven. It was clear to me now—my vocation. I would lead other people's little ones to Jesus and His Blessed Mother, teach them the sweet little devotions that linger in their minds and help them to stay safe as they grow to manhood and womanhood. So long as there was a child where I worked, my work would have purpose. I, too, knelt and said a fervent 'thank you' to Our Lady."

And Thanks To You, Alberta

Thank you, Betty, for your beautiful letter and the happy suggestion it contained for restoring the world to Christ. Mothers and fathers everywhere can take their example from you. Perhaps their own little ones are safe, but they can influence their playmates, the children from down the street who have not had the benefit of Catholic training.

Christ said "Let the little ones come unto Me." If we work diligently to restore His little ones to Him, leading them away from the influences of the world, guiding them into His arms, then we can be sure tomorrow's world will belong to Him!

CRUSADERS . . .

Want to be a Crusader? Oh no, you won't have to leave your home, nor ride on steeds, nor wear heavy armor. You will have to do more . . . you will have to PRAY . . . recite ten hall Mary's . . . one Our Father . . . and say ten time a day—**SWEET HEART OF MARY BE MY SALVATION.**

Yes, I know . . . childish stuff . . . you will say . . . adding maybe, that ours is a modern and enlightened century, that we do not need remnants of the Dark Ages . . . and what sort of "Crusade" is that anyhow? You have no time for such trifles. This is the atomic age . . . Communism is fighting us in a cold war that may become sizzling hot tomorrow. Ten Hail Mary's. One Our Father . . . and some strange ejaculation . . . repeated ten times a day! Just goes to show that some Catholics have "arithmicitis."

Are We Useless?

Unless you be like little Children . . . or "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven . . ." The virtue of **CHILDLIKE-NESS . . .** and of **SIMPLICITY . . .** are the hardest to come by. What matters the formula? Except that this one is beoved by her, who having given birth to God, crushed the serpent's head. Atomic age? Communist dangers? Yes, they are with us, dark shadows hanging over our lives. Frightening, tragic . . . making us, you and me, the common run of people, feel helplessly useless . . . But are we useless?

To pray is to perform the greatest WORK ever given to men. To pray is to establish a line of communication between God and Man. To pray means to use the most powerful weapon given to us for our protection, and the fulfilling of all our needs. To pray well is to be free . . . to be happy . . . to be courageous and strong . . . with the courage and strength of God. And Mary, the Mediatrix of all Graces . . . is the most direct way to Christ's Heart.

Hello Heaven. Listen!

A few simple prayers . . . that a child could say . . . will indeed make you a powerful **CRUSADER** against the very dangers we are all so frightened about. It takes something too, to be faithful daily to these prayers.

It is as if you were saying "Hello" to heaven . . . and when earth-bound men and women speak to Heaven several time a day . . . Heaven is bound to answer . . . and does.

You will not be alone . . . there are already many. Join them, **THE CRUSADERS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.** Send in your name . . . try to live up to the promises . . . to say the prayers! Write to 156 East 38th Str., New York

City 16, N.Y. Help to stem the forces of evil. Help to make the atomic age one of peace to mankind, instead of a devastating war. Write to-day . . . start praying to-day. This is the age of Mary . . . Patroness of Crusaders always. **ALL FOR JESUS THROUGH MARY . . .** is, or should be, the motto of our dark days.

It is so little to give . . . for what we shall get . . . Let us not delay.

A VISITOR FROM EUROPE

(Continued from Page One)

entire war with the Royal Air Force. He is a man of action and likes writing even less than I do. So I had never received a line from him all these years. Since the end of the war he lived in Johannesburg, South Africa.

At the end of my week's stay in Rome one evening I came home and found my younger brother waiting for me. He had recently been sent to Italy by the firm he worked for, and had arrived by plane hardly a week before. By good fortune he met a man I had spoken to only one night before, from whom he earned my address.

One principal thought stuck in my mind: "Is not God good to us?"

Nice Words, Count!

This is the same thought I share with my friends in Madonna House. Here in the North, in this small Catholic Outpost, it might be still cold in April, but the people's hearts are on fire Summer and Winter with the love for Our Blessed Savior. For this family He did not die in vain, and they try to be like Him in their love for the Blessed Virgin, His and our mother.

What is there here at Madonna House so particularly Catholic, which you could not find also in New York, Washington or somewhere in the Middle West or anywhere?

The answer is: "Someone should write a book on it." You can see the difference if you stay with the Dohertys for a few days, but you would find it difficult to express in a few sentences.

There is no wealth — remember what Our Lord said to the Jews about John the Baptist: "whom went ye out to see, a man dressed in soft garments?"

No luxurious motor cars, dressed up servants, or Persian carpets. But what there is, is worth seeing, is beautiful. Some beautiful statues of the Madonna, a library with good books.

By the way, for the benefit of my friend, the reader—I am grateful to have found here a really good and quite new Catholic book, "Martin," by Eddie Doherty. The story of the great Blessed Martin of Peru, born in 1579. Just a short paragraph on page 15, right at the beginning of the book, describing the Catholics, "these iron men of Spain," must convince you that this is one of the books you have to read, especially in these present days.

You will be the wiser for it, and the happier, because it will have brought you a little closer to God.

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